

Vol. XVIII

Collegeville, Ind., March 17, 1926

No. 2

The All-Star Senior Team

Issenmann.....	F.....	Rath
Abela.....	F.....	M. Dreiling
Neidert.....	C.....	(Capt) Luckey
Achberger (Capt.)	G.....	Uecker
Hartman.....	G.....	Westendorf

Honorable mention is given to the following ten: Bargie, Galliger, Schilling, Beckman, Wolf, Schill, Dreiling D., Bernier, Hnat, Weigel.

The Cheer's Sporting Editors, following the custom of past years, have selected the above ten men who in our opinion have consistently displayed the best brand of basketball throughout the season.

We have selected these men according to their ability and have tried to be impartial and free from all prejudices.

Achberger is given the captaincy of the first team due to his experience on the hardwood. He is a peppy running guard, he can pass, dribble, shoot; he is a good player both for offensive and defensive work.

Our choice for one forward falls on Issenmann, a "shifty" man, who can play any position equally well and has a keen eye for the loop.

"Heinie" Abela, although a "Junior" holds the other forward position. He is a good shot and a neat player.

Neidert, the big "six feet plus," is put at the roving position. Bill not only takes the tip-off but can almost lay the ball in the basket due to his superior height.

At backguard we place Hartman, who very successfully led his Fourths during the past season. He can take ample care of 'em on the defense. This man has developed very rapidly during the season.

Whom to choose next from this large array of talent was the problem confronting us.

Eugene Luckey was given the center position. He is there with the fighting spirit, and has the grit to carry him through the game. Only his inability to hit the loop repeat-

Newman Program Sunday Evening

Sunday evening, for the second time this scholastic year, we will have the opportunity of witnessing a program presented by the Newman Club. Their first public program was a success and we have every reason to believe that the coming program will be equally as good, if not better than the preceding one.

The program will open with an inaugural address by the club's president, Casper Heiman. This will be followed by a dialogue, entitled, "The Reckoning," given by William Neuhaus and Cornelius Heringhaus. "The Poets' Club," a short farce, will be the third attraction of the evening, and the closing number will be another farce, "A Spree for Three." Music, between the separate numbers of the program, will be furnished by the College band.

Holy Week

Lent, the season of special penance, is drawing to a close. Once again we will have the opportunity of witnessing the impressive and symbolic ceremonies of the Church. This year, however, we will celebrate the "Tenebrae," which, since the Annual Retreat was held during Holy Week, has for several years been discontinued at St. Joe.

Indeed, some "with" us may look with disfavor upon spending so much time in Chapel, but once they understand the symbolism of the ceremonies they cannot help taking an interest in them. Then, and then only, will they receive the maximum of good from them.

This week is the richest in ceremonies of the entire year, and on this account it is the week in which each and every Catholic should be most proud of his Faith and join wholeheartedly in the spirit of the Church. Especially on Good Friday, join your prayers with those recited in every Catholic Church, namely, pray that all those now outside of the true fold of Christ "may be delivered from their darkness."

It is during this week that we

Fifths Win Senior Pennant

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fifths	10	0	1000
Fourths	7	3	700
Seniors	5	5	500
Thirds	5	5	500
Seconds	3	7	300
All-Stars	1	9	100

Under able coaching and management the Fifths succeeded in obtaining a perfect record. All through the season they displayed superiority over their opponents and in only one or two games did they fail to take the enemy off his feet at the very start of the contest.

One must not imagine, however, that the remaining teams in the league lacked all merit and deserve no praise. A detailed account of the games is to be found elsewhere in this issue, so it is not necessary that we recount the numerous entertaining contests played on the floor this season. Let it suffice to say that, although the "Varsity" games of past years were missed by the older students, the Senior League games furnished much excitement and aroused deep interest. Every player put forth his best efforts, and, with few exceptions, the games were very clean.

At no game were supporters lacking. This year the interest taken by classes in the outcome of the games played by their teams certainly deserves mention. We are sure that the players appreciated the cheering of their classmates and that they were urged along by it.

To the victors we tender our praise; to the losers we offer praise mingled with consolation.

commemorate the Passion and Death of our Divine Savior, and in view of the intensity of the sufferings undergone for our salvation, let us all act during this Holy Week in such a manner that on Easter we may have the satisfaction of looking back upon the preceding week with the feeling that it belongs to the best weeks of our lives.

EVOLUTION—FACT AND FALLACY

Contrary to popular opinion, the theory promulgated by Charles Darwin in his "Origin of Species," published in 1859, is not the modern idea of man's evolution from the ape. Darwin's theory is purely that of "natural selection" or "survival of the fittest." By natural selection is meant that under certain conditions some animals accommodate themselves better than others to the circumstances of their life, by reason of which, they triumph in the struggle for existence while the others become degenerate or extinct. The victors transmit their special qualities to their offspring, and by such transmission these qualities become more and more prominent until a new species is developed. For example, when a habitation becomes over-populated, the more vigorous of the lot will triumph in the struggle for food. In consequence of their better nourishment, the stronger animals will breed earlier in the season than the weaker, and as a result, two species will eventually develop from the common genus; one stronger and the other degenerate. This is but a single example of Darwin's many observations, the results of which are expounded by him to support his theory. Although many exceptions can be made to it, in certain respects it is accepted as biologically sound.

A direct result of Darwin's teaching is the theory of evolution, or the descent of both man and ape from a common ancestor. Scientists have based their working hypothesis on the physical resemblance of simian species to man. True, the jaw-bone of the man and that of the ape are somewhat alike, and likewise true, the anatomy of the human being and the tailless gibbon show remarkable similarities, but the range of difference is, nevertheless, far too great to justify this assumption of the origin of "homo sapiens."

Scientists have attempted to bridge this gap by digging up what they term "pre-historic ape men" and by persuading the generality of people into believing that they have found the "missing link." But the missing link is still missing. To assert that such absurdities bridge the gap is ridiculous. For instance, the Trinil ape-man of Java, who is no doubt the most famous of them all, has left remains of himself consisting only

of a section of the brain pan, two molar teeth, and a piece of thigh bone. Two reproductions of his probable appearance have been fashioned by anthropologists from these scanty remains. The difference between these two conceptions is so vast that one must employ considerable imagination to recognize their common identity. Then again, the bones were discovered far apart; the thigh bone has been proved to be that of a man while many authorities testify that the brain pan belonged to a gibbon; again, geology is such an inexact science that the age of the strata from which the bones were taken cannot be calculated with any degree of certainty. Many other facts, furthermore, testify to the rank absurdity of it all. With equally grave arguments, reproductions of other supposed anthropoids have one and all been proved farces—wholly products of a prolific imagination.

Some of the later evolutionists, obviously attempting to avoid acknowledging a Creator's existence, have even endeavored to demonstrate the procession of organic from inorganic substances. Thus a growth on sterile straw was regarded as a suitable basis for this hypothesis. Later, however, it was shown that the straw was not free from ordinary germs. Here we have another pseudo-scientist deceived in an effort to justify his atheistic tendencies!

Charles Darwin is not regarded as the first to propound the theory of the evolution of mind from instinct. In his "Descent of Man," however, he did touch briefly on the subject. Spiritual evolution is a probability, according to Darwin, from the fact that the ape possesses to a certain degree the human faculties of attention, imitation, memory and the like. True, but beyond that, this hypothesis is merely philosophical speculation. Animals do not possess the chief qualities distinguishing brute from "homo sapiens," namely, reason and free will. But then there are some who deny the existence of free will. They are the fools who continually devise theories by which the existence of God may be called into question. But try as they may, everything points ultimately to one necessary, non-contingent Cause of the earth's being, God Almighty.

Contrary to the opinion of many, Catholics are not forbidden to believe

in evolution, that is, in as much as it treats with material things. But it is one of the cardinal points of Catholic doctrine that the Creator made man unto His own likeness; endowed him with intelligence and free will; gave him an immortal soul, and that in virtue of that soul, man shall belong to the supernatural order of creation, and consequently cannot be compared to the mere brute of the natural order of creation.

—Charles Flahie, '27.

A True Story

Once upon a time two studs at St. Joe, Des and Bill by name, decided to become photographers. Accordingly they procured a weeny teeny mechanism called a camera and a roll of film. So far so good. All that was now lacking was a subject to "shoot." Our trusty camera-men, of course, knew that there are a plenty of would-be subjects in this famous institution, who think that they are twentieth century sheiks, but they realized the terrific risk involved, and besides they wished to obtain a masterpiece at the first attempt. They, therefore, resolved to trust their luck to placid nature.

Old Mother Nature was evidently flattered, for during the night she quietly slipped into her prettiest dress—that of an immaculate snow. And my! She was simply stunning! As she gazed upon her downy garment a maiden's blush stole into her cheeks and as the blush grew more and more radiant, it soon disclosed her charms to the now wide-awake world.

The two fellows in question were not slow to seize upon the opportunity for 7:45 a. m. found them training the eye of their diminutive Cyclops along the beautiful maple walk on the east campus. As is always the case, however, there are some persons who have no sense of beauty whatsoever. Two other students, named Issy and Chuck, tried to spoil the picture by parking their carcasses at the far end of the walk.

Now, even though the sun was shining, the weather was by no means warm. Issy and Chuck were informed that, because of the large number of trees which tended to exclude the light, a time exposure of five minutes would be necessary. Having snapped their picture, Bill

(Continued on page 11.)

Namely Nibbles

The royal banquet is over. King Achberger Foltz his arms on a Frechette dinner. Jasinski Stall-s in the orchestra pit and the revelry somewhat subsides. Suddenly the King to the court jester, Flahie, "Maloney, Hunt the Senator and Walz him in here, we're going to Hoyng him. Now get a Weigel on!"

Paulo postea Senator enters followed by Beckman and Meyer, the king's officers of the guard. Says the King, "Now you leetle Schaeffer get Bisig und tell us a Corcoran good story or We-is going to keel you." The following is the story Bechtold:

"Dere vas once a Coleman from Drozdoski named Westendorf, who had only Van 'Oss. Und his Wagner vas kind of Wabler und vas Farley Junk. Von day he got an order from Krajcik—five miles away—for a Newton. 'Ach, Linenberger,' says he to his helper, 'some more Schimmollers, Hitch Dobby, Fe(t)cher here, we go to Krajcik.'

* * *

"The Gates of the city open wide and the rickety Kraft rumbles in. 'Zumberge,' says the coalman, stroking his Kohley Baird with his Hans which were Yussis Schwartz, 'Anderson of a gun Otto be shot wot says different.' 'Votes Amato,' says a stranger somewhat his Elder, 'I'm der city Beerman, Kuntz I do some things for you?' 'Chass, dis Boone I ask, could you Kienly tell Husvar is der Heringhaus.' 'Vel,' says the stranger, 'I vill go Longanbach.'

"They proceed on their way but all the time the wagon is getting Weiker. Soon they come to a Connor Wid(a)man in the Middendorf. He make a Sch(r)ill noise mit a wheestle—his eyes are Fleming—and he seems in a Frenzer. But they keep on going und Yutz as they cross the tracks she starts Severin', and Schmitt less time Dan it dakes to tell, she is ke:flops. Ach, den comes der streetcar—Bonk! Booms!! Oh vot a smash!

"Den everybody begins to yell Laudick and tries to Russel out of the wreck. One Partee gal Stecker head ound and wailed, 'Oh Mathew, I want to go Homsey.'—Schwendeman Steckschulte aside and limped toward a Neuhaus. 'Vere Hugo?' asks a rescuer. 'To the Thieman to get my Nieset,' he answers.

"Ven all the injured was gone to the hospistle a Hieman vot was der

traffic cop sees de coalman veeping over his dead 'oss. For not counting a leetle looniness in de Brenner, the latter was Luckey to escape mit only a few Burns. The cop Pecks him np und says, 'Heil feex you, yon little Hnat. Why for you not stop ven I blew de wheestle? The streetcar had the Reitz of way.' 'Let go, vill you,' says the coalman, his Rath rising. 'It'll be tough enough to keep the Wolf from my door mitout goin' to chail.' Den he breaks down again. 'Look at my poor Dobby—dead, my wagon—all busticated, my coal—well Nei-dert. Oh!—vot vill I do?' In despair he Boehlein a knife into his Hartke. And I hear Abela tolling as Dayberry the corpse under the Green sod."

The room was hushed and big tears were everywhere in evidence. Then spoke the King after having dislodged a lump in his throat, "The prisoner is dismissed. Gif him a big Steiner beer and anything else vot he wants."

—By D. A. M., 26.

Chatter Box

In what state was the editor of this paper born?

In the state of Ignorance; and he still lives there.

Who edits the "Chatter Box?"

The bird who answers these questions.

What do most people find it easiest to part with?

A comb.

What did the whale gain in the transaction with Jonah?

The whale took all the prophet.

I am so lazy that I read only in fall when nature turns the leaves. What sort of work would you suggest for me?

You might try obtaining the job of picking flowers off a century plant.

What did Alexander's father's aunt's mother's grandfather's uncle's grandmother's grandson's nephew's granddaughter's daughter's nephew's son say to the conqueror when he had subdued the then known world?

Nothing. Alexander never talked to himself.

What's the surest way to spend a nickel?

Hold it in your hand, then walk past the Candy Store.

Everybody subscribe.

Gleanings

Georgetown University is now compiling a book called the "Georgetown Anthology," which will be composed exclusively of selections written for the College Journal and other publications by former student poets. Many of the works to be included have won world-wide fame, especially such high-spirited war-time pieces as "Maryland, My Maryland," "The Old North State Forever," "Flag of My Native Land," and that most revered of all our patriotic songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

—The Hoya, Georgetown University.

Stude: "Where do bugs go in the winter?"

Stewed (half asleep): "Search me."

—Purple and White.

A combined educational and artistic program for the teachers of the various religious orders of the city of Cleveland was arranged by the Right Reverend Bishop Schrembs at the Notre Dame College auditorium on the afternoon of January 30th. An exceedingly interesting lecture, illustrated by a cinema on "The Cleveland-Detroit Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome" personally planned and conducted by the Right Reverend Bishop, was the big feature of the program.—Notre Dame News.

An old English paper published this advertisement: "For Sale: baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner has been in it for seven years; good reason for leaving."

—Notre Dame News.

Oldtimer (to newcomer): "What's yer name?"

Newcomer: "Graham."

Oldtimer: "Well, I hope you are not one of them wise-crackers."

—Pacific Star.

Drug Clerk: "What kind of a tooth brush do you want?"

Negro: "Gib me a big one, boss. Dere's ten in my family."

—Ont. A. C. Review.

DO YOU KNOW—

That the proprietors of cafeterias, cafes, and restaurants will often times object when you walk out without paying your check?

That it is not necessary to remove the shoes when receiving a neck shave or a shampoo?

—Pacific Star.

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THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

Especially dear to every Catholic and particularly inspiring to every son of the "auld Sod" is the name of the Great St. Patrick. And it is with a great degree of justice that they, whose veins are filled with Irish blood, feel proud of their patron, and that they vie with the rest of the world in hailing Patrick as THEIR saint. Just where, St. Patrick was born, is a much mooted question; some say that he was born in Germany, others would give Scotland the honors, while still others would have the Saint's birthplace to be the "Emerald Isle" itself. This question, however, need cause us little concern. One thing is certain, namely, that the time of his birth was near the year 390, and that his good parents imparted to their son both Briton and Roman blood as the Saint himself testifies. Of Patrick's early childhood little is known. We first meet him in his sixteenth year when his several captivities began, together with untold sufferings caused by hunger and nakedness amidst snows, rain, and ice. It seems to be a special predilection of heaven to impart her choicest blessings to souls when they are experiencing their direst moments of suffering; thus it was with Patrick. During the six months of his first captivity, God was pleased to imbue his pure soul with sublimest faith and tenderest love. It was in a dream that God admon-

ished him to return to his own country, where the sweetest joys of the Apostolate, spiced with the bitterest disappointments, awaited him; where the jewel accomplishment of his life, the conversion of Ireland, was being nurtured by Heaven; where, finally, as Bishop of Armagh he realized his goal and gave to the Church "The Isle of Saints." Many particulars are related of the labors of St. Patrick; however, we cannot consider them here. Suffice it to say that a number of legends, a standing proof of the Saint's influence, have blossomed around the name of the Great Patrick; such as the beautiful legend that tells how St. Patrick with his staff exiled forever all reptiles from the "Isle of Saints"; which was intended to symbolize the power he and his successors were to exercise over the spirits of darkness. Let us conclude with a brief mention of the touching custom which has immortalized the "shamrock"; some say that the three leaves are to remind us of the mystery of the Holy Trinity, others, that they represent Faith, Hope and Charity; either supposition is a laudable one, and the fact that the "shamrock" is green reminds us perpetually of "THE EMERALD ISLE."

—W. N., '27.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

John Beckman, in the name of his parents and in his own name, wishes to express heartfelt thanks to all the students of St. Joe, for the prayers offered in behalf of his brother during a recent attack of pneumonia. Nor were the prayers in vain as his brother successfully passed through the crisis and is now well on the way to recovery.

CLASS SPIRIT.

One of the prime requisites for a society, or for a body of persons is UNITY. Sacred Scripture itself says, "A house divided against itself shall not stand." History proves the verity of the statements: "In UNITY there is strength," and "UNITED we stand, divided we fall." Consider the latter as exemplified in Imperial Rome. Divided into poor and rich, slaves and masters, pagans and Christians, Rome, the mistress of the world, fell. She was conquered because the internal conflict occasioned by these different antagonistic factions so weakened her that she read-

ily fell a prey to the barbarian invaders.

The Catholic Church is a living example of the adage: "In UNITY there is strength." The Church, with UNITY as one of her distinguishing marks, has stood firm throughout persecutions and trials for almost two thousand years, and she will continue to stand until the crack of doom.

Since disunion has been the cause of the ruin of great empires, and since UNITY has been a powerful factor in the progress of every race, nation, and society, can any class at St. Joseph's take a chance at being divided against itself? Rather choose the safe and sane policy of UNITY. Get together, further the common bonds of friendship and fellowship. Every class has its peculiar difficulties, its special hopes, its particular pleasures. Make the class characteristics your own and in this way further the welfare of your own classmates.

—A. Z., '27.

EASTER.

In a little more than two weeks all the world will be in happy anticipation of the joyful season of Easter. Nature should be decked out in her gayest; spring should be at its loveliest. All the world dresses up for this day. On the altars of the Church the purple of Holy Week is replaced by flowers, and the sad note of the Miserere gives way to the jubilant strains of the Alleluia. The organ, so long silent, peals forth its tones of joy. All men, forgetful of the penitential season, rejoice in the glory of the newly risen Savior. Mankind is saved; heaven is opened. What ought to be our debt of gratitude to Our Lord who by His Resurrection lifted feeble man from the filth of sin and pointed out the path to true glory and eternal happiness. Let us make these last few days of Lent, and particularly, those solemn days of Holy Week a fitting preparation for the celebration of this great mystery which, as St. Paul says, is the basis and foundation of our entire faith. "Purge out the old leaven," and rise with Our Savior to a new life.

—C. I., '27.

We 'ereby 'umbly beg the Thhhirds' most 'umble pardon for the unintentional orthographic error made in our first issue.

Everybody subscribe.

Loco and Local

Chapter II.

When Jim and Napoleon had left Hank and his companion in the woods, they headed straight in the direction of the cabin. Napoleon, however, had some aversion to going this way, and the more Jim tried to keep him going the right way the more he persisted in going the wrong way. Since Jim was well acquainted with the woods he decided to let his companion have his way for a while, and then, without Napoleon being aware of it, he would describe a large circle and thus get back to the cabin.

Before they had traveled very far, however, they met three men, who seeing Jim and his companion began to act in a very peculiar and suspicious manner. Jim took them for lunatics and began to act in the same manner in hopes of leading the entire group back to his cabin and thus obtaining a greater reward and a higher honor than Hank.

These three strangers seemed very friendly and continued to act crazy. Although they had just come from the direction in which Jim was going, they, nevertheless, turned around and followed him.

Soon the party of five reached an old Indian trail and, as the three newcomers followed this path, the other two men did likewise. About a quarter of a mile from where they had found the trail they found three horses tied to as many trees.

Suddenly Jim realized that his new friends had mistaken him for a lunatic and were taking him to the asylum with Napoleon. When they forced him to mount one of the horses he protested and offered every thinkable argument for his sanity, but the three men continued their crazy actions and paid no attention whatsoever to Jim's pleas and entreaties.

This caused Jim to wonder if they were really sane after all. For to him, his arguments for his sanity were perfectly logical and irrefutable. Consequently he decided to wait till night would descend upon earth, and then, under the cover of darkness, to make his escape.

That night he showed less opposition to the plans of the three leaders so as to mislead them. Much to Jim's disappointment the night was divided into three watches. His hopes of escaping were, consequently, very uncertain.

Still he tried to make his escape when the first sentinel seemed asleep, but before he had moved three yards from his improvised bed the watchman commanded him to stop. He tried to escape again during the vigil of each man, but he met with failure.

With the coming of morning the party of five again resumed their journey. Jim alternately tried to convince his captors of his sanity and attempted to escape. Both, however, were equally futile.

Near the middle of the afternoon they arrived at Chicago and in a short time Jim was lamenting his plight in a cell, which he shared with Napoleon.

His thoughts were very much concerned with Hank's welfare. This was due to his own utter hopelessness of obtaining freedom without the aid of Hank's testimony.

(To be continued.)

—W. F., '27.

The Thunder Spoke

In the classroom in the making
With his knees and ears a'shaking,
There is in his head an aching
And a sense of agony,
When he hears the old professor
Say with oratoric pressure:
"Say! What did you say to me?"

Then his nervous blood is rushing
And he feels like hotly blushing,
And like doing all the 'cussing'
That was ever done before.
But he simply makes the answer
Like some fabled necromancer:
"Father, I said 'legebor.'"

"Such a twisted form as that one
Never got a Roman patent,
Never saw Doc Schultz's Latin,
Nor the plains of Tuscany.
From the earliest Latin nation
Look up every conjugation
And you won't find 'legebor.'"

Then the student duly thinking.
Word to word by logic linking,
Since his fear is greatly shrinking
Volunteers to answer him.
So with voice supreme, sonorous,
With the wit of ancient Horace,
Answering in a way to floor us:
"Legebor, legeberis—"

Gone are the solemn faces
And the Rockliffe oblique cases.
See, if you can see some traces
Of diligent solemnity.
Each one roars for all that's in him,

Of the noise there is no 'finem'
In our gay hilarity.

There is trouble now before us;
Silenced is that voice sonorous;
Gone is the Ha! Ha! chorus
From the back seat graduates.
All are quiet and behaving
Watching the professor's raving
Every note of warning saving
For the future comp's mistakes.

Next in order makes a blunder,
Saying 'tonitraise' for thunder.
All the peace is rent asunder
That was always there before.
Prof and student look aghast
At the 'tonitraise' just past.
"Such constructions cannot last!"
So the prof gives him the door.

Straightway goes the humbled student
Thinking it was quite imprudent,
That the teacher simply wouldn't
Keep him in the classroom there.
But the others keep on smiling,
To their college humor piling
This new farce in memory's filing
As an incident quite rare.

But the prof with fury burning
To the student body turning
Demonstrating all his learning
Reprimands their little joke.
So starting down the line once more
Starting at the hall-way door,
Said he in a mood quite sore:
"Please translate: 'The Thunder
Spoke.'"

—A. W., '26.

BUG HOUSE FABLES.

At an exhibition game with the Pirates (Midget League), the Fifths were badly beaten. It was veritably the Fifth's Waterloo. Boone and Issenmann were held scoreless during the entire contest.

Our shark, Francis Fleming, made a resolution not to study so hard hereafter. He says it makes one drowsy. He also claims that he intends to try out for the Fifth's baseball team in the spring.

Prayers are heard in heaven very much in proportion to our faith. Little faith gets very great mercies, but great faith still greater.—Spurgeon.

The best teacher of duties is the practice of those we see and have at hand.—Carlyle.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.—G. MacDonald.

ATHLETICS

“DAN” BOONE “SAL” FOLTZ

SENIOR LEAGUE COMPLETED SECOND ROUND

Thirds, 15; Seniors, 11.

The Thirds were out for blood and by the sharp shooting of “Son” Shaffer, Abela, and Schill they defeated the Seniors in a close contest. Stechschulte, Achberger, and Schilling worked hard, but were unable to locate the net in the crucial points of the game. Bernier and Barge for the winners played a keen defensive game as is their usual form.

Seconds, 52; All-Stars, 19.

This game turned out to be a two-man contest with Dreiling and Weiner playing the main roles. Between them they scored the large total of 46 points. Dreiling alone scored 18 field goals. The All-Stars were very poor on the defensive. This fact accounts for the high total of points scored against them. Kramer and Russel did the scoring for the All-Stars.

Fifths, 37; Fourths, 23.

The Fourths were in keen form. Wolf, Hnat, Jessico and Dreiling, their scoring machine, were out to over-score the league leading Fifths and held them 10-10 up to the end of the first half.

The guarding of Hartman was very commendable and the opposing forwards seemed unable to get around the “big boy.” Starting in the second half the Fifths came into their own and snowed their hard fighting opponents under.

Neidert, Issenmann, and Boone scored thirteen field goals while Captain Uecker and Westendorf kept the Fourths away from their basket.

For some reason or other the Fifths starting five were unable to get going which fact accounts for the closeness of the score during the first quarter, but they are very fortunate in having another quintet, which is equally good, to relieve their vanguard.

Seniors, 17; Seconds, 14.

After losing to the Thirds the old Southsiders were more than determined to win their next contest. And they made good their resolution, although an over-time period was necessary to determine who should be

the victor. This game was undoubtedly the hardest fought battle of the season. With but ten seconds to play and with the score 14 to 13, the Seniors leading, Biegler fouled Grot for two free throws. Heinie, however, was a bit excited and in consequence made only one of them count. Five minutes' rest was then taken by both teams. After the rest period the teams were naturally much refreshed and the battle began anew. No sooner had the ball been centered than Biegler ran down the floor like a streak and dumped in a winning basket. Dreiling fouled Luckey and Gene failed also in the first attempt, however, making good the second shot. Rath, Schilling, and Achberger played their usual faultless game. Dreiling and Weiner for the Sophs scored frequently, while Joe Weigel did some stellar guarding. He may justly be said to be the best all-around player on the Seconds.

Thirds, 22; All-Stars, 8.

This game was a bit slow due to a lack of pep. But after the first half had been played, Bernier, Schneider, and Abela got going, and by their consistently accurate shooting aided much in downing the All-Stars. Wuest scored the majority of the points for the All-Stars.

Fourths, 17; Seniors, 9.

The Northsiders were in good form and defeated the Seniors, whose team was somewhat weakened owing to the absence of Luckey and O’Neil. By the good pass work and close guarding of Dreiling and Hartman, the Fourths won out in the long run. The Seniors in lieu of this close guarding were forced to rely on long shots and the usual result followed—defeat. Hnat, Jessico, Wolf and Denka sank the baskets for the Fourths, while for the Seniors Rath, Biegler, Schilling and Stechschulte did the scoring.

Fifths, 30; Thirds, 11.

The Thirds were out to down the Fifths, and we must say that they put up a very good fight. The score

does not do them justice as they outplayed their opponents in more ways than one. They were unable, however, to get the range of the basket in time to stem the “tide of the Galloping Fifths.” Issenmann, Neidert, Foltz, Gerlach and Beckman did the scoring for the winners while the rest of the squad seemed to be in a “sorta trance.” The former men, however, made good the defects of the latter.

All-Stars, 33; Seniors, 29.

We have seen some real games of Basketball this season but none were quite as interesting as that between the Seniors and All-Stars. Greg Gobel, stellar forward of the Stonebraker type, sank the leather from every angle of the floor. He scored 27 of the 33 points. This game was quite the reverse of the previous one in which the Seniors humbled the All-Stars, 58 to 13.

Fourths, 22; Thirds, 19.

Since the Thirds defeated the Fourths in the first round of the season we were all expecting a hard-fought battle. We were not disappointed in the least. The game began with Wolf, the flashy little forward of the Fourths, sinking a pretty field goal. Denka shortly after followed the example set by his team-mate. Wolf again hit the loop for three more field goals, while Barge and Shaffer rang up five points for the Thirds. The half ended 12 to 5 with the Fourths leading. In the second half the Fourths substituted and the Thirds taking advantage of this change started a rally. Both teams fought equally hard and the score remained at a very close margin. With but a minute to play the Thirds shot from all angles of the floor. Jessico then dribbled to the foul line and dumped in the winning basket just as the whistle sounded. Hartman and Dreiling executed some of the best guarding we have seen this season. Barge, Schill, Bernier and Abela fought hard but were unable to stop the scoring combination of the Fourths.

Fourths, 27; Seconds, 20.

Again the Fourths added another victory to their string by defeating the Seconds. This brings their wins in the second round to three out of five, no mean record in the least. Their record thus far is quite at variance with that set at the beginning of the year when they lost three games out of as many tries. Dreiling,

Hnat, Wolf and Meyer got the bead on the basket while Capt. Hartman took ample care of the ball when it got too close to the opponents' loop. The Sophs found it exceedingly difficult to break through the Fourths' defense and accordingly had to rely mainly upon long tosses. M. Dreiling was as usual the main scorer of the game, making 15 of his team's 20 points. He has 109 points to his credit thus far. A very good record.

Fifths, 63; All-Stars, 20.

The fast-going Fifths again defeated the brave, yet inexperienced All-Stars by the score of 63-20. Boone, Issenman, Nieset and Neidert scored the majority of the points for the Fifths, while Coleman and Gobel did the scoring for the All-Stars. The game lagged after the first half as the All-Stars lay down on the job and did not try to stop the scoring Fifths.

Seconds, 18; Thirds, 17.

The Thirds after losing a hard fought game with the Fourths, came back and lost their next game by a margin of one point. Weiner's hook-shot from the corner of the floor served to put the game on ice for the gallant Seconds. The game was rough and was much likened to a light football workout. In this respect the game did not come up to our expectations. Otto, Weiner, and Dreiling had the range of the basket while Grot held down the guarding end of the game very effectively. Schill still shoots "em" long with a keen eye. He and Bernier played the best guarding game they have so far done this year. They held the leading man of the league scoreless during the entire second half. Capt. Abela and Shaffer were not in their usual form.

Fourth, 32; All-Stars, 12.

This game proved to be another easy win for the Fourths and the unfortunate All-Stars were again defeated. The game started with a whiz and a bang, and for a time it looked as if the All-Stars would be the victors of the contest. They took the lead and rang up eight points as compared to the Fourths' two. Gobel and Wuest did the scoring up to this point. Captain Hartman then called a time-out and got his men together. The tables were now turned and from this point to the finish there was a new style of playing on the hardwood. Wolf, Hnat, Dreiling, Connor and Meyer got the range of the

loop and scored frequently. The score at the half was 14 to 10 in the Fourths' favor.

Fifths vs. Seconds.

The victorious Fifths galloped over the Seconds in the last Senior game of the season by a count of 49-10. The game was a "rough and tough" affair in which the goal posts might well have been in place.

In the first few minutes of the game the score remained at a very close margin and the "tilt" promised to be an exciting and interesting one. The tide, however, soon turned and the Seconds scored but few points in the remainder of the game.

At the end of the first half the count was 5-25 in favor of the Fifths. Boone had his men in fine trim and his guards allowed but two field goals. The remaining points were made on free throws. During the entire contest twelve personals were called; more than have been called heretofore in any other game.

The Fifths, therefore, are the undisputed class champs of the season, having won their complete list of games.

We give the hard-fighting Seconds due credit for their gallant effort in their trial to "snag" the Fifths in the last game of the year. They displayed keen and consistent effort but were after all forced to defeat.

All hail to the thousand percent FIFTHS, CLASS CHAMPS OF '25-'26.

WITH THE FIFTHS.

Kenney: "How many young ladies would it take to reach from Collegeville to Rensselaer?"

Hans: "Two, because a miss is as good as a mile."

Lloyd Webber says that the hardest thing he ever dealt with was an old pack of cards.

Herb Kramer upholds the belief that his nose is in the middle of his face because it is the scenter.

Paul Russel is seen quite frequently in company with Wm. Stecker. He says this insures success in whatever he undertakes, for where there's a will there's a way.

Since Tom Coleman, fifth class bully, knocked Basil Beckman into the middle of next week, Basil thinks he is living in advance of his age.

Norbert Gerlach was driving six donkeys down the road and at the

THE SENIOR ALL-STAR TEAM

(Continued from Page One.)

edly kept his name from being placed higher on the lists. Because of the capable manner in which he captained the Senior team, he was given charge of the Second Five.

For one forward "Teddy" Rath receives the call. He is a man whom the gallery knows because of his scrappy, snappy game. He is fast and consequently hard to guard, and also plays a great floor game.

Marcellus Dreiling, a good open shot and a dangerous man under the basket, is Teddy's team mate. We might mention that in ten games, he has scored 117 points and is the leading point-getter in the Senior league. His record speaks for itself.

We have a running guard who is fast, has plenty of pep and is always at the right place at the right time—"Curly" Uecker.

And the last position on the team, back-guard, is capably filled by Westendorf, a tower of strength to any team. That he has the lasting qualities so necessary to any guard was amply proved in the last game when he held the Seconds to a measly two baskets.

After the men have been selected there are still others, who are also worthy of mention. We would like to put every one on the All-Senior League team, but there must be a choice so the above are the lucky ones. We hope this will not hurt any "Star's" feelings as we don't mean to. The Sporting Editors found it a great task to select this team as they expected the students to take this opportunity for selecting their own men. Since only a very small number responded, we were forced to use our own judgment.

NOTE—There is one man whose name will not be on either of the above teams, but his name should be there. This man, since he was one of those who selected the teams, has of his own free choice withdrawn his name.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—H. More.

same time was reciting Wordsworth's poem, "We are Seven."

John Brenner doubled his fists and then expected to have four hands.

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SOPHS' HIGH SPOTS.

On Sunday, February 28th, the Seconds had a feed. During the program it was discovered that we have among us some very good singers and actors. We had a lively time and everyone said that the feed was fine, and that they hoped to have another one before June arrives.

The baseball candidates of the first and second year held a meeting on March 7th, and elected Spalding Miles as manager. It was decided to meet again soon and select the team. Let's all get together fellows, boost the team and make a good record.

BIG BET!!

It was at dinner table; cherries were on the menu. When they were dished out, Bauman thought he was cheated, so the seeds were counted. The result was that Grot had 28 seeds; Weis, 28; Bonk, 28; and Bauman, 30. Eyewitnesses stated that Bauman ate five cherries, seeds and all.

"Kindly fly to heaven," is Dayberry's latest expression.

Indiana—"Are the mosquitoes thick in Ohio?"

Ohio—"No. They are pretty long and thin."

W. P. '29.

Bob: "Is it a sin to commit suicide?"

Teacher: "It is the first time."
—Purple and White.

Everybody subscribe.

Bennie's Bubbles

Some fellows believe in continual adoration—before a mirror.

College boys' dads say the dynamo is not the only thing that charges.

They are talking about an Easter vacation—cut this out, as it might be the last time you hear of it.

The Infirmary says that it is not all fever that sends the thermometer up.

Overheard in the crowd around the list of grades: "Tell me not in mournful numbers."

Conditioned boys think the "90% street" is full of road hogs.

The early bird may get the worm, but he may also get his toes frozen.

A heavenly looking body is often of no earthly good.

Don't die now if you haven't fair hopes of going to heaven; wait until Ford develops his airplane, then we will all sail on high.

Many girls evidently have never heard of Vergil's great saying: "Nimium ne crede colare"; "trust not too much to beauty."

They say that to begin is half the work, but I have often begun a thing six times and never accomplished anything.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the effects of it often go a long way.

The back guard may not get the praise but he is usually the backbone of the front attack.

It is not all milk that looks like milk; especially when it doesn't stain the glass.

A thing may be all right in a way but the trouble is it usually don't weigh anything.

If a person earned his bread by the sweat of his brow here on earth do you think he could run a chain of bakeries if he died and went to the lower regions?

Controversy may be the spice of life, but it is the sugar of the divorce occurs.

—Bernard Middendorf, '27.

ICE CREAM

LUNCH

CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

St. Martin would indeed be proud of Red Kenney if he could have heard him recite the "Act of Reparation for Profane Language" in his sleep the other night.

Walters: "Say, sleepy, do you know the World War's over yet?"

Hartman: "So he's the one that came over last week, eh?"

Who remembers when Battling Siki had the unlimited boldness, the unmitigated audacity, and the inconceivable brazenness to tackle Mike McTigue in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day a couple years ago?

Leave it to Brenkus to show you up.

Father: So you have good meals at boarding school?

Son: Yes, we have a plenty of substantial food. They give us potatoes for the first two meals each day. Then for supper they will serve spuds for variation. Occasionally we have Irish tubers, also.

Woofie Goofie has been asked to inform the readers that Toledo is a city in Ohio and not merely the location of a large hospital for the insane.

Horace horses should not be curried in the Senior study hall.

Zanolar: The All-Stars have just finished a very successful season and have received an offer from the city of New York to—

Laudick: Wake up, Zulu, it's twenty to six.

Student (paying bill at candy store): "Well, I'm square now."

Schilling: "Yep, but I hope you'll be 'round again very shortly."

Professor (to second year freshy):

"So, young man, you admit that you wrote on the blackboard that I'm a fool. Well, at least I'm glad you're truthful."

Then the class roared.

RECENT SCANDALS

Bozo wants to know when and where we are going to hold the marble tournament.

Zumberge is heart-broken because he cannot find a place to spin his top.

Basil Beckman went home to get his coaster wagon.

Big Clete Martin has been cutting out doll baby pictures.

The Editors are seriously thinking of devoting a whole page to our sick schoolmates.

Bozo Keane swallowed his cuff button last month, and, since then, he has had three operations, all of which have failed to locate the missing link. "Bozo" declares that if this sort of thing keeps on much longer, he will undoubtedly have to buy a new one.

When the donkey saw the zebra he began to shake his tail.

"Gee whiz," he said, "there's a horse that's been in jail."

Des: "Your neck's like crude rubber."

Issy: "Yes, it's raw on the inside."

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Hunting Rattlers

Hunting rattle snakes is a most thrilling and dangerous sport. It takes a man of steady nerve and iron will to conduct a snake hunt with any degree of success. Here the tender-foot of the North is not well qualified; the frontiersman of the West needs no recommendation.

Although I am not fond of boasting, I am going to relate a personal experience, which I underwent, while hunting the deadly diamond-blacks in the wilds of Texas. This is a tale of physical endurance that would make Sampson turn green with envy, and cause strong men to drink poison. Yet though some of you may not believe it, it is as true as any of Aesop's far-famed fables. Here is the story, the like of which you will never hear, unless you some day meet a bigger liar than "your's truly."

One hot sultry day in August, my friend and I, accompanied by our pet hounds, Mike and Joe, rode across the burning sands on our burros. We were off for a three-day snake-hunt, and we meant to "bag" more snakes in that time than St. Patrick could have kicked out of Ireland in thirty years.

The only thing we took along in the form of bait was a three-pound box of strong snuff. Snuff was generally admitted to be the best snake bait ever made. The big idea was to drop a pinch of the stuff on the rattler's nose. This would, if applied in the correct quantity, make the reptile sneeze so hard as to blow its head off. Then all you had to

do was step in, toss the squirming body in your game-sack, and stick the head in your pocket. Easy, not?

The old-timers say that in their day they had better snake-catching devices than we of this modern day possess. One of their favorite schemes was to take a large "chaw" of tobacco, chew it thoroughly, and go after the snakes. The men in those days were all champion tobacco spitters, and so they claim, if they spied a rattler sunning himself ten paces away, they would take quick aim and let fly, putting the shot right where they wished to, and with such force as to stun the snake temporarily. Then the hunter would rush in and calmly dispatch the snake with a club. This was, so the "vets" averred, a very effective method of getting the snakes.

But to come back to our story. On the first two days nothing unusual occurred, but on the third day I unwittingly walked into a lively den of diamond-blacks. My partner shouted a warning, and I essayed to jump out of the poisonous pit, but too late. A half dozen of the reptiles struck at me at the same time, and I could feel the little, sharp, hollow teeth piercing my skin like so many red-hot needles. I had more poison injected into me right then, than any apothecary ever compounded. I knew that I was a "goner," unless I acted quickly. So I grabbed my first-aid kit, extracted certain bottles, and then and there, I concocted a drink consisting of carbolic acid, strychnine and iodine, which same I "tosses off" in one gulp. After which I drank a half pint of prusac acid as a "chaser." Under these benign influences I quickly revived, and, as there was nothing more exciting to do, I spent the remainder of the day domesticating rattlers and teaching them to jump hoops and eat bananas out of my hand.

We started for home about dusk

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and arrived in town dead-tired. I determined to "hit the hay" at once. But, my seven months old "teething," "oh! he looks so much like his father," had different views, and, as his mother did the Morpheus act, I trod the floor in my bare feet singing to him that famous old St. Joe song, entitled, "They left us sleep 'till eight in the morning on every eighth day of the week."

—C. E. Flynn, '29.

FOURTHS' JOTTINGS.

"Izzy" has been turning in at the Prefect's office quite frequently of late. We wonder if it is a case of habit. Better not keep it up, "Izzy."

"Cowboy" Bob Koch reports that the modest color of the class hats has caused several stampedes among the cattle. For this reason he has resurrected his favorite stand-by, his old cowboy hat.

Our aspiring young artist, "Dutchy" Mayrl, has forsaken the path of true art and has entered the ranks of sign-painters. "Dutchy's" latest "ad" made known the fact that Dan Dreiling is handling "El Ropo" cigars. For further particulars and prices, consult Dan.

Our idea of nothing at all: Tom Grotenthaler a fullback.

Frank Denka receiving a "four" in application.

"Fuzzy" Uhrane not smoking.

Weiker not bidding "nulla."

All the boys getting up when the bell rings.

Louie Rozman not knowing everything, after the Prof tells him.

"Sparky" has a brand new "Uke," and say, just wait until he gets it all "het up," then watch out. Collegeville may take on an Hawaiian atmosphere. That's all right "Sparky," keep cool.

Baseball is not so far off, fellows, so let's do a little "doping" about Fourth Year prospects. Everybody help along and bring victory to the Fourth Class.

—C. H., '28.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Scene I.—Two toreadors and bull.

Scene II.—One toreador and bull.

Scene III.—Bull.

A STORY.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and Des watched their victims posing statue-like in the biting cold. The story ended four and a half minutes later when the photographers hastily snatched up their equipment and rushed towards the protecting walls of St. Joe, Issy and Chuck being in hot pursuit. Well boys, we hope the picture comes out fine.

—W. F.

The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and chang-
ing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That thru the snowy valley flies.

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JUNIOR NOTES.

August Zumberge, "The Tower of Babel," seems to be becoming "the leaning tower of Pisa."

"I'm out for a good time," exclaimed the parlor lamp, as the young couple turned out the light.

If it wasn't for Bozo we wouldn't have anything to write.

With Paulo as deskpartner, Abela would never get lonesome.

He: "Are you cold, Hon?"
 She: "You bet I am."
 He: "Want my coat?"
 She: "No, thank you; just the sleeve."

—S. M., '27.

A CONTINUED STORY.

(Told every Sunday morning at breakfast).

"C'mon fellows, let's win the cake this week!"

M. Walz: "Say, did you hear that the Prefect doesn't want Zumbergo any longer?"

Unsuspecting Second: "No, why?"

Mike: "He's long enough."

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